UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poetry.

VANITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LAYMAN BARD.

We are vain men
As created and made by God;
In conduct with a shop—always vain.

Within a carriage, fixed down
Upon the cushions, with a pair of bays
Around them, still less vain.
Behold the lawyer in his gown,
Pleading in the court
Mrs. Maria Hawkins' case for divorce.
Close by on a side bench sits
The learned counsel for the plaintiff,
Second fairy in feelings sweet and fair,
And all to show his consequence.

"How still and how quiet about it does,"
The traveling child, or minstrel to say,
"Is the weather so sweet?
Answer his rules of time displayed,
"Nothing does but the leaves were dead,
And they were carefully gathered by herself,
Maria Lindsay, the daughter of Mrs.
Let all in heaven, in the depths
A sad country sigh or the groan,
But the Poet is a

Then let the poor be poor,
Let the sky, rough and round pass,
And all the other parts of the day,
"Let noise be proclaimed in each street,
This unnatural, lonely fragment,
The constant landscape on the plain,
With your hands and your feet,

FAMILY WITHOUT IT!

Which your employment is looked upon

Long delight, the noble world over,
Has been and is still the theme
And sends no sublime creature
Of virtue, feeling, love, and use.
The general poem all have sung.
My stanzas, in every age and clime,
Are but two lines that I have read
And all your volume pass with time.

Behold while the Poet sings
My language of displayed power,
And I, sweet as the ocean deeps,
Am subservient to your will.
Your gain preference and place,
And your delightful pleasure.

NATIONAL ROMANCE,

Or, AMERICAN HISTORY, and will have always hitherto published

AN ORIGINAL TALES.

Are now first MAGAZINE,
Authors think they have reported

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

Of real life, and offering a brief

SCENES OF ROMANCE.

Of real life, and offering a brief

THE COMICAL.

The manner of fast remember

HISTORY AND STATISTICS.

Of Incidence. Among the oldest and possessed of all the advertisers, and the most extensive advantages, (not to be overcome by the inconsiderate which are now in use; and all the changes have been found so daily be:

Of old "cross and one, and

Through varied amount and page,
With the top best and shortest lines,
For short and long advertisements,
To shield the flowers from blast and storm.
The terms are very small,
Yet ordered from the working city;
And throw my casting shadow where
To have the best effect.

For this Creation's wondrous plan,
Produced alike the great and small.
Fail this Republic's fate.

The gayest, and town and growers all!
But every's sunny, and the rain
Where sought of skin to all its pride!
Moved by the mind, and still

Learn then by nature's modest aid,
Tills all persuasive truth to teach!
For many great purpose all was made—
For many who not placed New Year,
And as earth's beauties fall and flee,
But when their season's task is o'er,
I vet may work and labor be.

What then at once and knowledge more?

Months which every year renew,
Again the spring her chosen children,
But not the true-bred—hearted and dear,
Which, though they wither, never die,
From us his deeply rooted bird.

The rose may fade, but not change this tree;
While all his dignity found,
It is ever mid, and ever new!

Original Tales.

GABLE END FARM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER I.

Near a very populous city, not long since, there lived a very worthy woman by the name of Hartley—Mrs. Hartley. Her property was her a small farm of twenty acres; on this farm, which was in excellent condition, stood an old house, which had originally been built in the gable to the road. This road was a public one, and of course, there was a great deal of travelling on it, from the city. The little farm went by the name of Gable End Farm, and so continued to be called, when new ways commenced.

Marie Hartley was a widow, having only one child, a daughter, and they went on quietly and harmoniously together, in the delightful way even prompted as herself. The whole of the twenty acres were carpeted into a fresh and vegetable green, and here might be seen every afternoon, in all the spring and summer months a number of market carts, to convey the produce of this large garden to the city. One quarter of these ten acres was filled with strawberry plants, and from the day of the opening of the fruit till it was all gone, the long wide hall of Gable End was filled with the gentlemen from the city, who walked up in little parties, every afternoon, to eat cream berries and cream. Of course there were cows for where else could cream come from, and twelve guests a day, sometimes double that number—unless they had cows of their own.

One cow was the only variant, on the farm—he took care of the garden, fed the cows, and when he had time, went to the city on small errands for the neighbors, and a good share of which. This man had a son, who assisted him a little in weeding and in other light parts of husbandry, till he grew old enough to earn his own living. He was a quiet, inoffensive lad, not over bright, but prudent and saving, with all willingness to please his master, and his master's daughter. He had the choice of several trades, but he wavered and hesitated so long, that his father gave it up entirely, and determined to bind him to a carpenter in the neighborhood where he would devote his time.

Mrs. Hartley liked the lad, she called him in the house, one day to question him on the subject, for his father had told her of lately, that he had not yet made up his mind. She said that he did not want to learn a trade at all, but he much preferred to be in a store in the city, or some business, and that he had been to Mr. Hartley's house, where he had been to see the very best of money, and that he had been to see the very best of money, and that he had been to see the very best of money, and that

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1850.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us TWO DOLLARS, and address us will send the Saturday Post for one year.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the next premium.

FATTEN DOLLARS, seven copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new premiums.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, two copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the present Post Office Law, Postmasters are required to frank newspapers delivered by the publishers of newspapers. By the new law which goes into operation on the 1st of July next, they cannot frank letters.

We hope, therefore, that our friends, who are in the habit of receiving letters from Postmasters, will favor us with the names of Orchard's Magazine, and the Post may also as well send forward letters at the short period left between this time and July.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We are ashamed of the apathy which has characterized the National Anniversary, by the impudence of the younger by; who are already burning Fourth of July crackers, and firing the anniversary salutes of the approaching day. Why the ceremonies of the tremendous explosive demonstrations to which, on that day of days, they will give full vent, are not to be put off until the 4th of July, we cannot understand. But the fact is patent that they have begun their work with the 4th of June, and will continue it with the 4th of July, in the midst of the hottest weather of the season. It is a custom, however, which we have no more to do with than the weather. We have our fun and swallow it, and therefore, as the season comes round, we are always ready for it. Let the boys have their crackers, and the men their cannon, and the women their fans, and the old folks their rocking chairs, and the sick their sofas, and the dead their graves, and we will be content. We have no objection to the fun of the thing, provided it does not interfere with the business of the day, which is to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Republic, and to keep alive the memory of the men who framed the original charter and the Constitution, and who fought the battles of the Revolution. In our way we celebrate Bloomsday's Dinner, and proceed on the 4th, where Adams and Hancock proceed on the 4th, where Adams and Hancock assembled all sitting in their rooms, anxiously waiting for tidings of the result. Then, as each in this long room would hear the news from his friend, and shake hands with him, and say, "What a glorious day is this for America!" Each of these little scenes was, I believe, repeated in the private circle; and thanking the Lord for their existence, and for their freedom, they sat down to their dinner, and to feel the great responsibility that they had taken upon themselves in the risk of those glorious acts it was

"To finish, build and proceed now."

—Vide Everett's Address.

A short walk over the hill, and the breath of fresh air without, would soon restore the ladies of the Land Office, and the Treasury, and the Post Office, and the Patent Office, and the Capitol, and the Navy Yard, and the Arsenal, and the Marine Barracks, and the Observatory, and the Hospital, and the Penitentiary, and the Jail, and the Alms House, and the Washington Monument, and the Smithsonian Institute, and the Capitol Hill, and the Capitol Square, and the Capitol Square, and the Capitol Square

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OR SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Hartford, Conn., Clerkmail, Ohio, is our only Travelling Agent for the Western States. Mr. JAMES is duly authorized to receive Subscriptions, contract for Advertisements, and collect and receipt for all Subscription and Advertising Accounts due this office.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Albany and Troy.

Mr. JAMES A. BEARD is our Agent for Cincinnati, Ohio, and vicinity, canvassing in Kentucky and Virginia.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE authorizes us to say that JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent but the names of Wm. A. PIERCE, JAMES PIERCE, and those I put on early visit. The Cathedral is a vast edifice, its exterior completely incrusted with statues of different colors; white, red, green, and black, accurately joined together, and giving to the *tout ensemble* an unparalleled magnificence. The interior is considered a prodigy of architecture. This Cathedral was 160 years in building, employing the successive labors of several generations, and was completed at that time. Seven richly ornamented gates give entrance to the interior, which contains consecrated vessels, and several magnificent sepulchral monuments.

The *Campanile*, a square tower, 256 feet high, is for the Cathedral, forming part of the marble of different colors. So also is the Baptistery, a circular edifice near the other two, remarkable for antiquity, and beautiful symmetry. Its three bronze gates, on which are represented various scenes from the Old and New Testaments, are an exquisite wrought, that Michael Angelo pronounced them worthy to be the gate of Paradise.

The Baptistery contains specimens of statuary and paintings which give to Florence an unsurpassed and celebrity, are contained in the Gallery of Florence. Here is the finest edifice of the kind in the world. The glorious statuary here draws off the eye even from the magnificent architecture. Here is the celebrated colossal group of the Rape of a Sabine woman, by John of Bologna. The Roman bulls in his muscular and the captive fair one, while his feet rests on the prostrate form of the vanquished Sabine. Near this group is another by the same great artist. Hercules killing the Centaur. Two bronze statues by different artists, Judith and Perseus bearing the head of Medusa by the latter, complete the ornament of this celebrated edifice.

One of the most interesting places in Florence, and indeed, in all Italy, I reserved to the last morning of my stay. It was the Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Italy, splendid, like numberless other churches which the tourist visits, in its architecture and decorations, but possessing an interest unparalleled, as the mausoleum of the mighty dead. Here is the monument of Michael Angelo, surrounded with three statues, representative of painting, sculpture, and architecture, arts in which he supremely excelled. Not far from this is the cenotaph of Dante, whose ashes rest at Ravenna.

"Ungrateful Florence!" Dante sleeps afar,
Like Rome, buried by the upbraiding shore."

When the Frenchmen, after his death, repenting of their injustice towards the illustrious poet, decreed that his remains might be removed to Florence, their petition was rejected on the ground that that place should be held to be his country, which gave him refuge in his exile. The sculpture of the monument represents Dante, seated in the attitude of meditation; on one side is Poesy, a quivering figure, and on the other, Italy, pointing with her finger to a line taken from the Divina Commedia—*"Guarda il Bellissimo Paese."*

Alfieri, the great modern tragic poet of Italy, declared that he first felt the power of taste in the Church of Santa Croce. His own monument now holds a conspicuous place within the sacred enclosure. Italy owes much to Florence. Now it is the mausoleum of that remarkable man, of whose moral character so many contradictory estimates have been recorded. For 268 years, no stone marked the resting place of his ashes, till, in 1787, this monument was erected. A figure, representing sagacity, holds in the right hand a likeness of the statesman, and in the left a pair of scales, in the opposite of paper inscribed, "*Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.*" Last, but by no means least in importance, is the masoleum of the illustrious Galileo. It is adorned by a magnificent painting, and a bust of Galileo, with satires representing Astronomy and Geometry, on either hand.

D.

THE LAST HOURS OF ANDREW JACKSON.

The following is a copy of a letter from one of the attending physicians of General Jackson. It will be perused with deep interest by all our readers. We copy from the Washington Union.

Nashville, Tennessee, 8th June, 1845.

DEAR SIR—It is probable, before this letter shall have reached you, you will have heard of the death of our venerable friend, General Andrew Jackson, who departed this life yesterday afternoon, precisely at six o'clock. Knowing that you have been for his papers, and being well assured that you have always taken a lively interest in him while living, and believing you would be pleased to know something of his last moments in life, I have thought proper to make you this communication, as I was much of his during his last illness. I was present at his death. I have been frequently in his family as physician, for several years past; and on my return home from the east, in April, I visited him, in company with his particular friend, Gen. Edward Armstrong. We found him very feeble, labouring under a congenital affection—particularly that form of dropsy known as *anasarca*. He was confined to his bed almost entirely. His breath is inactified

Selected Poetry.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou happy, happy elf!
(My lamb, thy crying pains me to the heart)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is commencing a pout!)

Thou little alchymist of mirth,
How hast thou turned the whole of life to pleasure!
Thou little limb, (has any one been hurting you?)
Thou touch of Nature's finest workmanship,
(What's that you say? you've hurt your finger?)
The father's pride and hope!
(Oh! let me look at the little finger. Where is it?)
Thou plaything for the Angels, as it seems,
(Pray don't be cross, my dear, but let me see it!)
Thou young domestic dove!
(You've hurt your finger, dear? Let me look at it!)
Thou touch-me-not of cruelty,
To pluck the blossom of my joy!
(Then let him kiss it to make it well.)
Thou tree of life unto my heart,
(Don't struggle so, love, or you'll never get it right.)
Thou herb of grace and innocence,
(Well, if you must cry, cry.)
Thou humming-bird of hope!
(Where's mother's darling?)
Thou flower of love's own sowing!
(Don't scratch me, love!)
Thou young pledge of pure affection!
(Then you shan't have it.)
Thou speaking image of myself!
(Naughty! you'll put my eye out.)
Thou master-work, my Child and my Model!
(Do, love, be still.)
Thou human soul!
(Will you?)
Thou little bud of love and truth!
(Then I'll kiss it no more.)
Thou blossom of the human flower!
(Kiss me, then.)
Thou young epitome of man's brief day!
(Thank you, love.)
Thou abstract of time to come!
(Now, John, behave.)
Thou chronicle in little!
(Do, love, be quiet.)
Thou demy-god of power and glory!
(Will you?)
Thou form and image of the Most High!
(Then you shall not have it.)
Thou idol of thy parents! (Good gracious!)
Thou—thou thyself!
Thou abstract—
Thou brief chronicle—
Thou demy-god—
Thou form and image—
Thou idol—
Thou thyself—
Thou little child—
Thou abstract of time to come—
Thou chronicle in little!
Thou human soul!
Thou young immortal!
Thou—thou—thou—
I'll tell you what, my dear,
I'll whip you if you don't behave yourself!

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

BABY IS TO BE CHRISTENED: MRS. CAUDLE CURTAINS THE HEADS OF PROGRAMME-MONGERING MEN.

Come, my love, about baby's name? The dear child will be christened, and it's time we were to think yet. There you go again! TAKE IT AS YOU FIND IT! Do; we'll talk of it to-night. There's no having a word with you in the daytime—here you can't hear me. Caudle, don't try you wish you could, Caudle, that's indeed, and not treating a wife—mother, too, as you do me. Oh, deserting. It light often that I speak: but I do believe you'd never to hear the sound of my voice. I might as well have been born dumb.

I suppose the baby must have a godfather; and so, Caudle, who shall we have? Who do you think will be able to do the most for the child? Mr. Caudle, no; I'm not a selfish woman—nothing of the sort—and I'll thank you not to say so. Every body says I'm a good mother; and what's the use of a good father, if he gives nothing else to the child but its name? A child might almost as well not be christened at all. And so who shall we have? What do you say? Anybody? Aren't you answered, Caudle? Good gracious! I can't think everything will happen to you, to talk to in this way! I don't know where you pick up such principles. I'm sure I never met with any acquaintance who can do this but you. Caudle, you're a brute. Yes, you are—you are, dear baby! Caudle, you're quite a brute.

There's Mr. Prettyman: he chance of his ever marrying, and he's very fond of babies. He's plenty of money, Caudle; and I think he might be got. Before, I know it—babies are his small side. Wouldn't he be a friend, Will find our dear child in his will? Why don't you speak? I declare when you pick up such principles. I'm sure I never met with any acquaintance who can do this but you. Caudle, you're a brute. Yes, you are—you are, dear baby! Caudle, you're quite a brute.

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